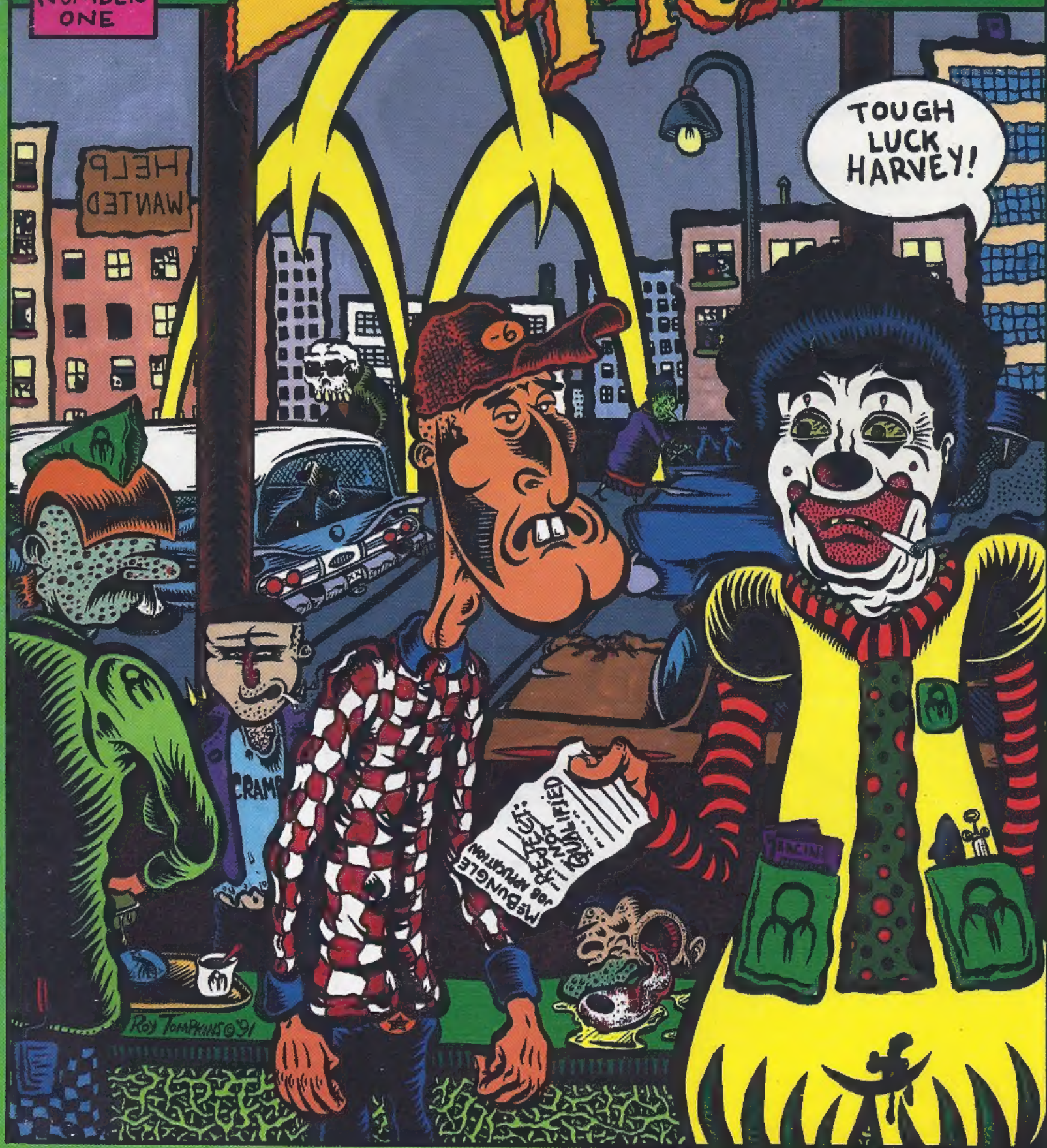


HILLBILLY
TERROR!

AWW...
SHUCKS!

NUMBER
ONE

TRAILER CRASH



\$2.00 US

\$2.50 CAN

£1.20 UK

MATURE READERS, OKAY?



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Second Printing

Harvey

the **HILLBILLY BASTARD**

©1991 Roy Tompkins

in

Another LONG SUMMER DAY

AN' SO I SAID, "LET ME POUR SOME MORE PEPPER ON IT FOR YA"! AN' SO THEY...

GAWD-BLAST THIS L'IL BRAT! I KNEW I SHOULD'NA AGREED TO TAKE BILLY FER HIS DENTIST APPOINTMENT!

TWERP IS DRIVIN' ME NOTS WITH HIS MORONIC STORIES!



...SO, I GRABBED MY GLOBE AND JUMPED BACK OVER!
OOH, **HA HA HA!**

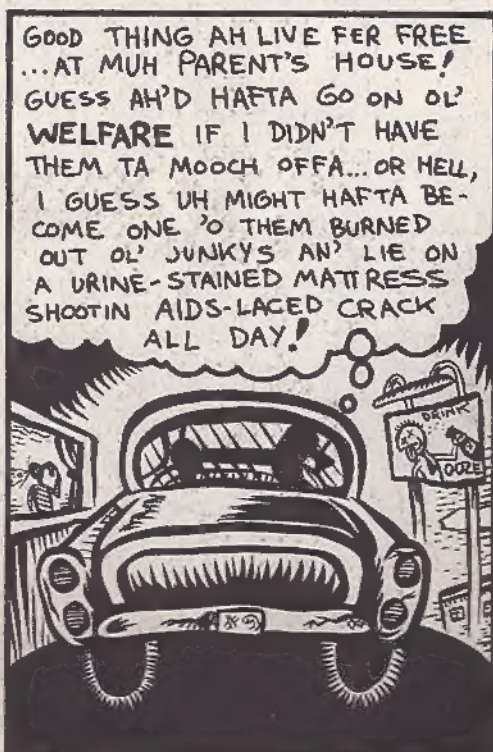
GLOM!



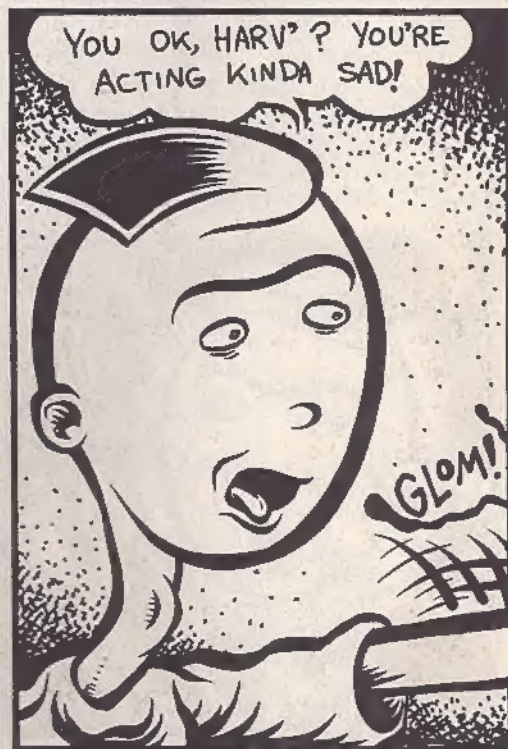
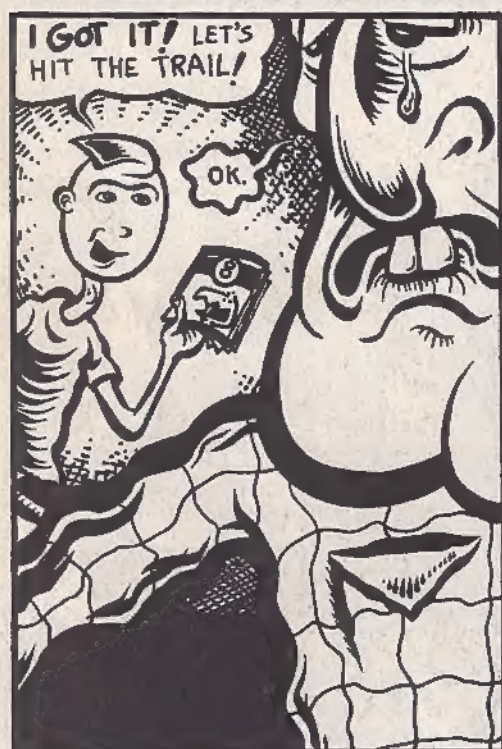
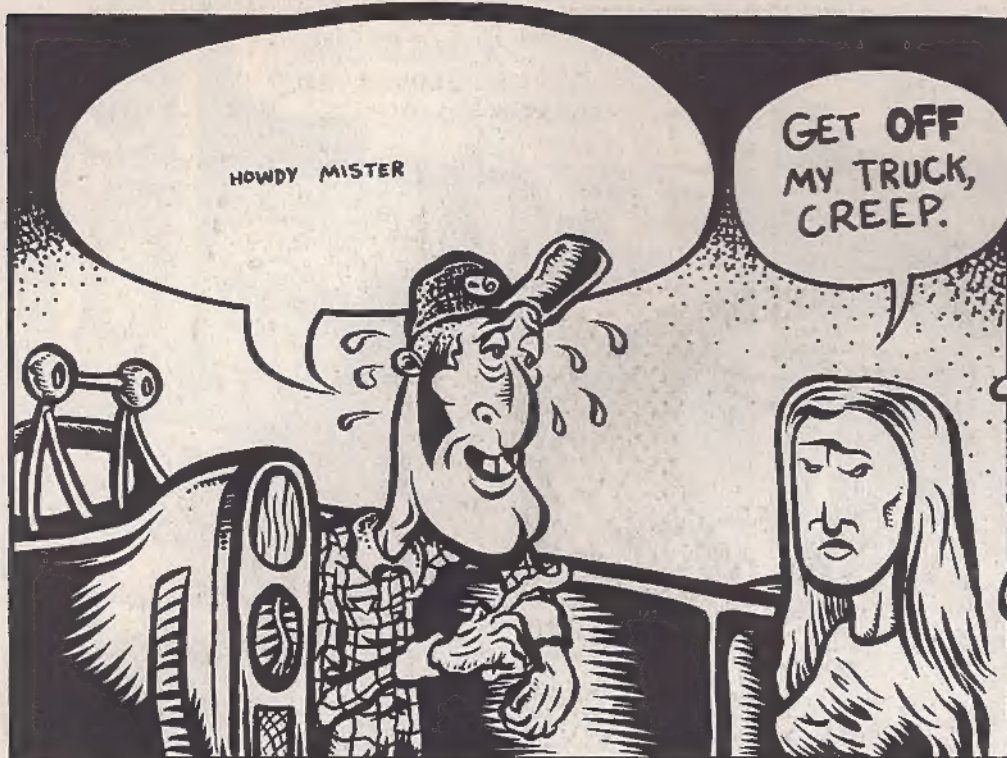
BILLY, DON'T PUT YER FUCKIN' HAND ON ME WHEN I'M DRIVIN, YOU WORTHLESS LOAF OF MONKEY SHIT!

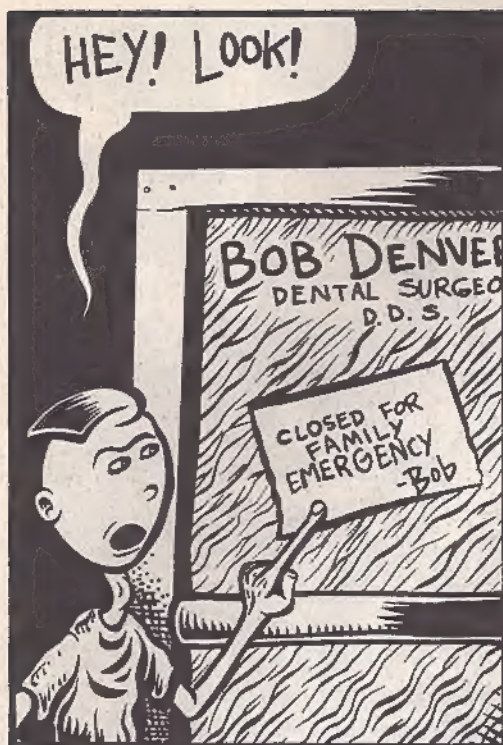
Uh... Sorry





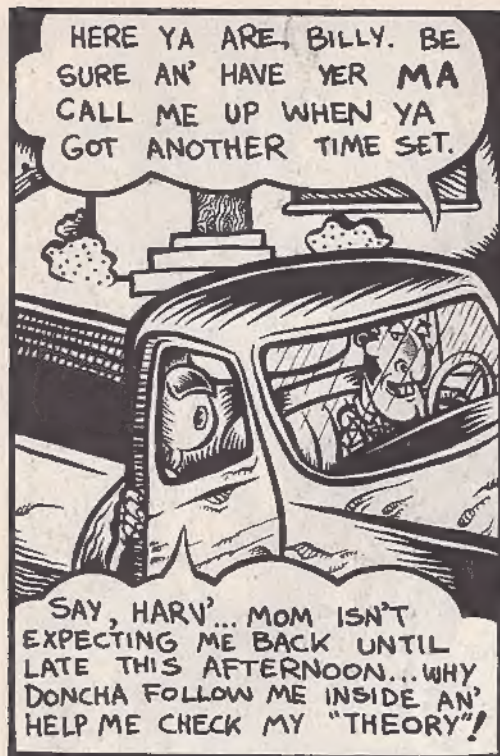












JESUS BILLY! HOW KIN YEW JEST STAND HERE AN' WATCH? SHIT, AH STILL FEEL GUILTY FER THE TIME AH WALKED IN ON MAH OL' GRANNY NEKKID WHEN AH WAS JEST SIX YEARS OLD!



LOOK AT THOSE ZITS ON HIS FAT ASS

...OH... OH!
DAMN! IT FELL OUT!
SLOW DOWN! LET'S... LET'S GET SOME MORE MAZOLA ON IT!

I'M GONNA GO GET MY CAMERA! A FEW OF THESE PHOTOS MAY JUST COME IN HANDY THE NEXT TIME MOM FINDS A JOINT IN MY ROOM!!

AH THINK THAT IT'S TIME TA BUG OUTTA H'YAR

PUT THAT IN YOUR MOUTH!

GOG

UH...THET MR. WHITEHEAD IS ONE TOUGH-LOOKIN' HOMBRE! I... I BET HE'D KICK ASS ON BOTH O' US IF HE CATCHES US HERE!!!



...AH MET UP WITH A GAMBLER, WE WERE BOTH TOO TIRED TO SLEEP... SO...

OL' BILLY SHORE IS A BAD EGG! BETCHA HIS FOLKS ARE JEST 'ACHIN' FER THE DAY WHEN HE FINISHES HIGH-SCHOOL AN' GITS OUTTA THEIR HOUSE... WHEW!



HEH-HEH! THAT'S WHUT MAH PARENTS THUNK, TOO... 'CEPT, AH NEVER MOVED OUT WHEN AH GRAD-JEWATED!!!
HEH-HEH-HEH...



COURSE, IT AIN'T NONE O' MAH FAULT... SHIT I'VE TRIED TO GIT ME A "CAREER"... WHATEVER THE HELL THAT IS! GUESS AH'VE PLUM GIVE UP. AIN'T MUCH POINT IN MUCH O' ANYTHING NO MORE... MIGHT AS WELL JEST RELAX AN WAIT FER "ARMY-GADON"



BOY, LOOKIT THEM POOR SHITS! THEY JEST KEEP STRUGGLIN ON, LIKE IT MEANS ANYTHING, LAK IT'S GONNA MATTER... BETCHA THEY ALL GOT AIDS VIRUS IN 'EM ALREADY ANYWAY... SHIT, AH BET EVEN I GOT AIDS VIRUS COUR SIN' THROUGH MAH VEINS, AN I AIN'T EVEN NEVER HAD NO SEX!!



OL' BILLY'S MOM... CLOSEST I'VE EVER BIN TA ACTUAL SEX!! FUCKIN DEGENERATES! WISH SHE'D FUCK ME 'STEAD O' THET UGLY FUCKER! SHE AIN'T MUCH BUT BEGGARS AIN'T CHOOSY...





HE'Y! MA PA
AH'M HOME



OH SHIT PA! HE
DONE GOT HOME
EARLY

GOD
DAMN!



SHHH! IF WE'RE QUIET,
WE CAN "FINISH"!

WAGONS
HO!



GAWRSH...NOBODY HOME! GUESS AH'LL
SWIPE ONE O' PA'S BEERS AN' KICK
BACK IN FRONT O' THE T.V.!

BETCHA
MA-N-PA
WENT
TA TOWN
TA GO TO
CHURCH
TANITE!



RRRRF

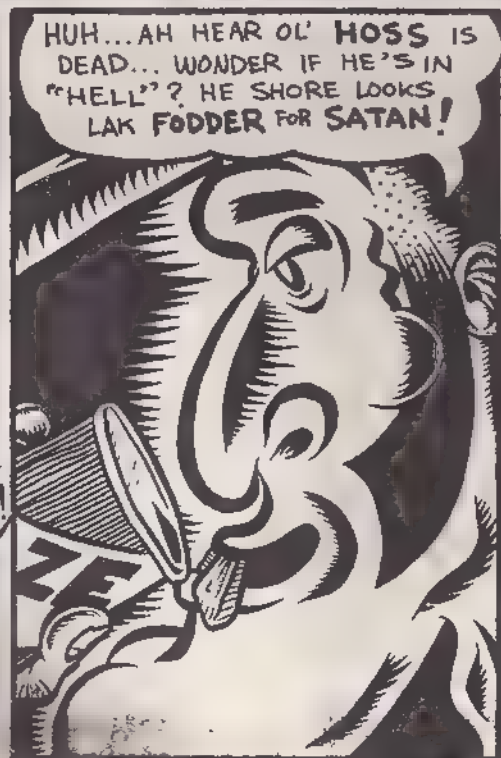
GLAP
GLAP
GLAP
GLAP
GLAP
GLAP
GLAP

SPLAT!



POOR BILLY...HIS MA IS A
DISGUSTIN SEX FIEND!
WE SHOULDA CALLED THE
COPS ON 'EM, HEH-HEH!

ALL RIGHT!
"BONANZA"
IS ON!



HUH...AH HEAR OL' HOSS IS
DEAD... WONDER IF HE'S IN
"HELL"? HE SHORE LOOKS
LAK FODDER FOR SATAN!



NO WONDER POOR BILLY IS SUCH
A WRETCH! HELL ANYBODY'D
BE A MESS IF THEY HAD
FUCKIN FREAK PARENTS
LAK HIS!

SLURP!

STRAP-ON
TOOLS



AM ALREADY GOT ME A BUZZ
OFFA JEST ONE BEER!

YELLO?



HARVEY... I-IT'S M-ME, B-BILLY!!
M...MR. WHITEHEAD... I WAS...
I WAS SHOOTIN PICTURES OF 'EM
AN... HE BEAT ME WITH A BIG
T-TWO FOOT RUBBER DICK!

AW JEEZUS
BILLY!
YOU OK?



CHOPKE! HE WHIPPED ME GOOD!
AN...AN MOM SMASHED UP MY
CAMERA, TOO... I GOTTA GET
OUTTA HERE, HARV'!

HELL, COME ON OVER AN
HAVE A BEER, THAT'LL HELP TO
DULL YER SENSELESS
BRUTILIZATION, EVEN
THOUGH YOU DESERVED IT!



SOON!

FASCINATING,
CAPTAIN



HUH... WUNDER WHERE MA-N-PA
ARE, IT SHORE IS GITIN LATE...
BILLY, GO GIT A COUPLE MORE
O' PA'S BEERS FOR US!

MY
TRICORDER...
LOOK OUT,
SPOCK!



WHAT IN HELL IS GOIN ON?
YOU BOYS DONE DRUNK UP ALL O'MAH
GOD-DANG BEER! HARVEY, YOU GIT
YER NO-GOOD LAZY HILLBILLY ASS
DOWN TO [®] AN GIT ME ANOTHER
"SUITCASE"! ...SAY... THIS BOY
LOOKS LAK A MINOR TO ME!

PA!

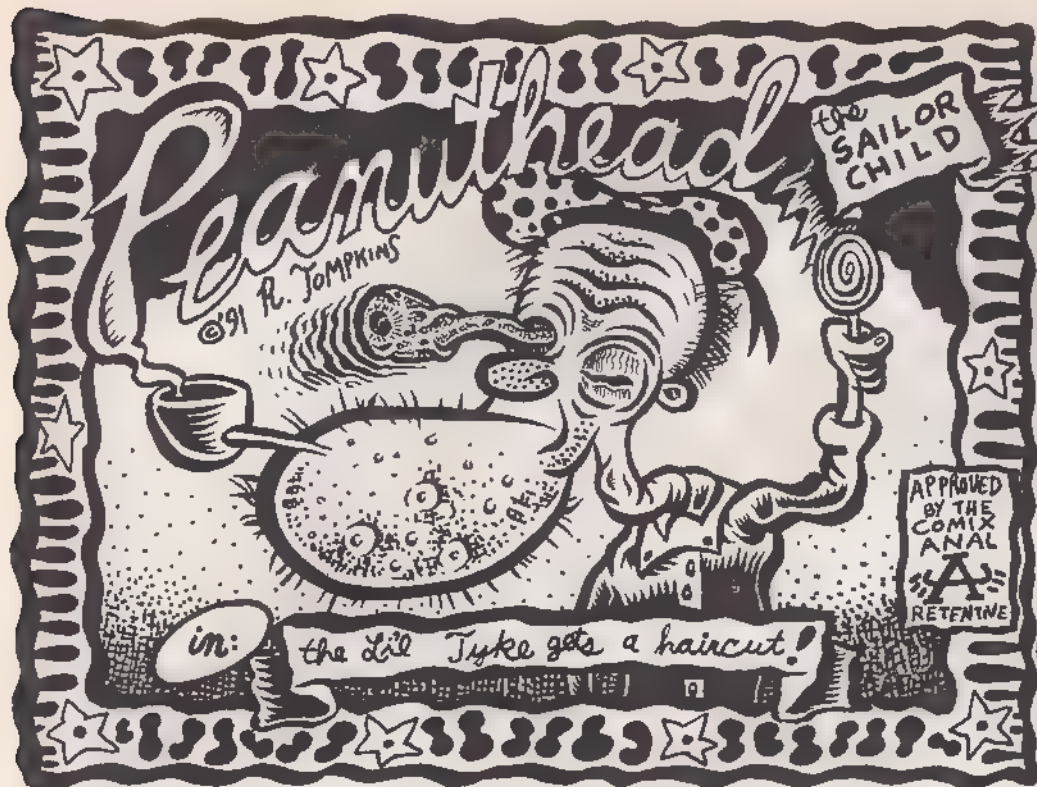
I'M A
DOCTOR,
NOT A
BRICK-
LAYER,
JIM!



SHIT, HARVEY! YOUR OLD MAN
IS AS WEIRD AS MY MOM!
I WISH WE COULD GET 'EM
TOGETHER FOR A LITTLE
"PHOTO-SESSION", EH??

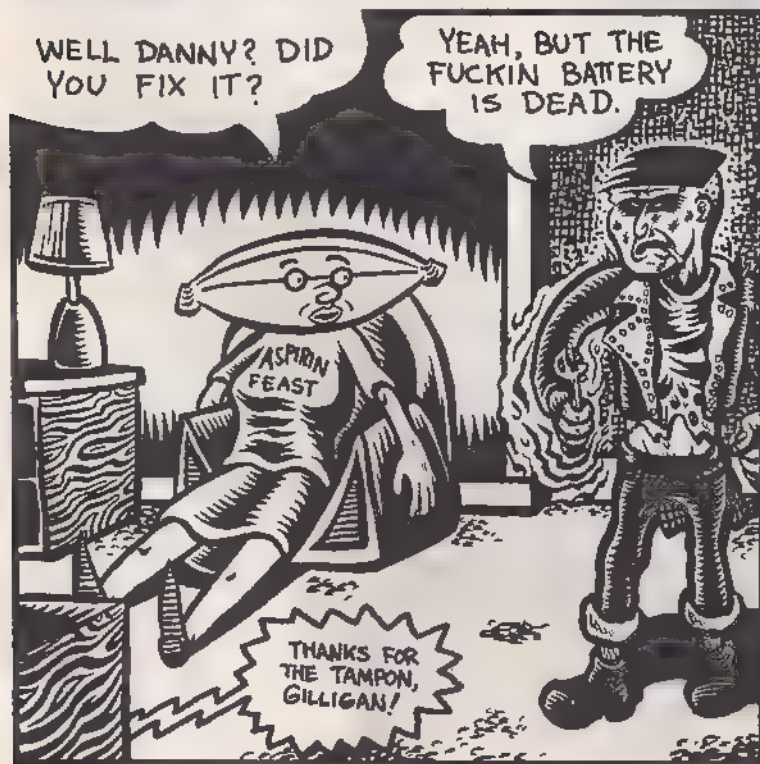
SHUT THE
FUCK UP,
YOU LITTLE
COCKSUCKER!

End



BAD TIMES!

©91 R. TOMPKINS



CHRIST, LARA... IF YOU HAD ONLY LET ME PUT THAT TOOLBOX IN THE TRUNK WHEN... NOW WHAT??



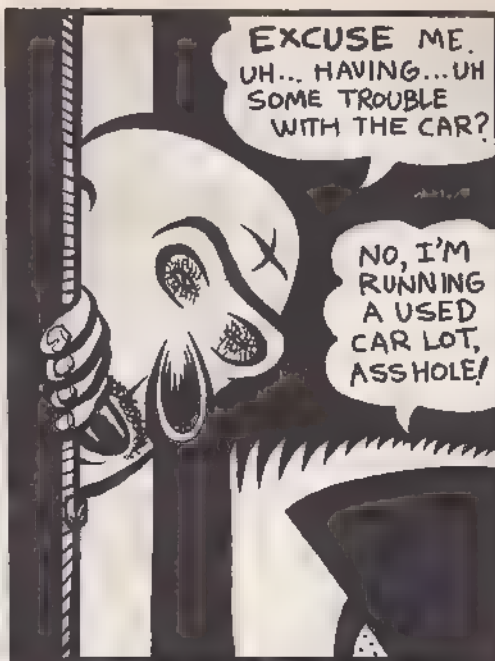
UHHH... I THINK... UH, I CAN GIVE... UH, YOU A JUMP... UH...



OH! HA HA! YOU'RE NOT A COP ARE YOU? I SUPPOSE NOT, NOT IN A DIMESTORE SUIT LIKE THE ONE YOU GOT ON! I'LL TELL YA- THAT LITTLE GAL CAN REALLY "MOW THE HAY"! USUALLY IT'S \$100. BUT SEEIN HOW YOU'RE HELPIN ME JUMP MY BATTERY, I'LL ONLY CHARGE HALF!!



EXCUSE ME. UH... HAVING... UH SOME TROUBLE WITH THE CAR?



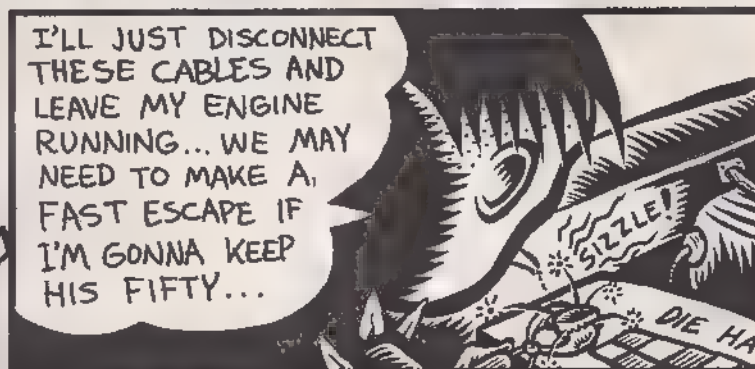
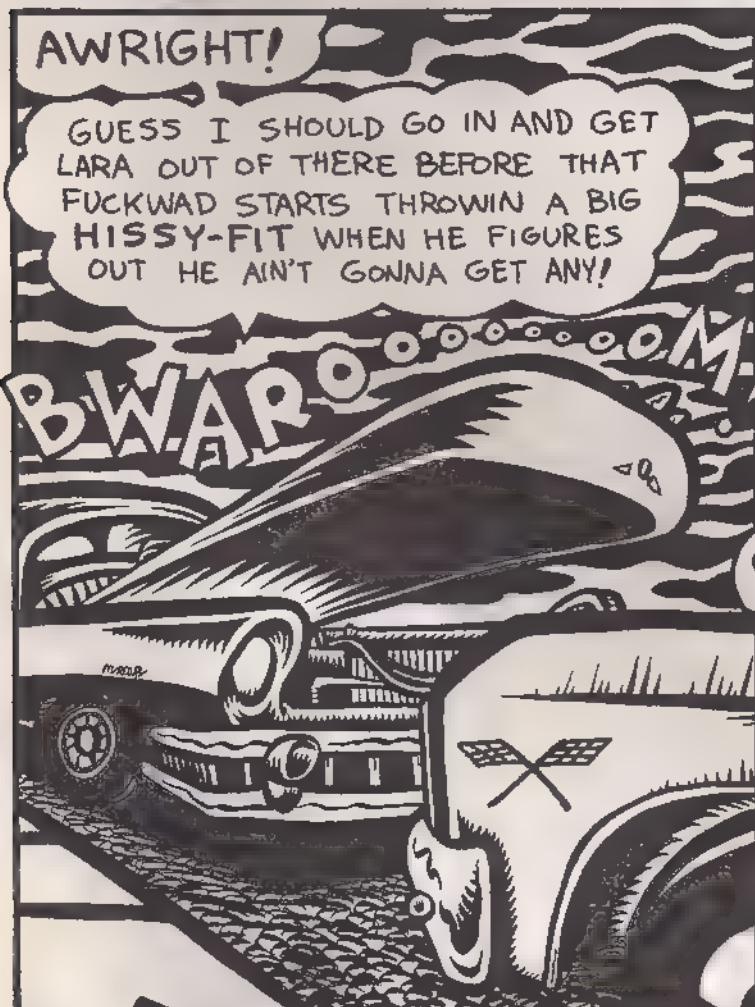
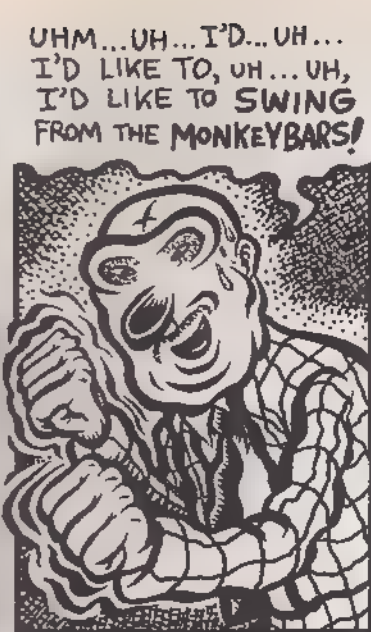
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO, BUDDY? SAY, NICE WHEELS! '67 CHEVELLE? SS NO LESS.

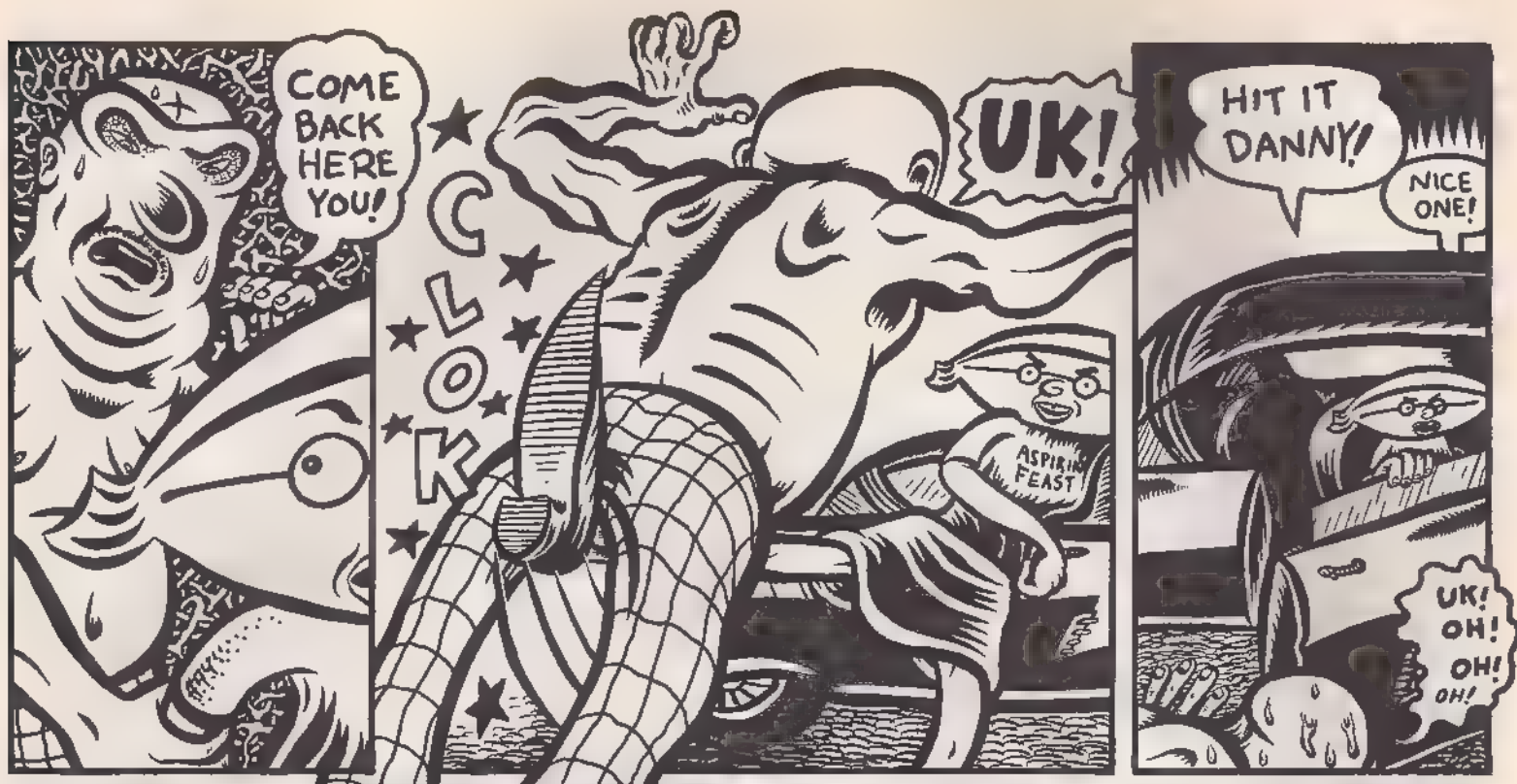


SAY GUY... UH... YER GIRLFRIEND, UH... ER... LIKE, HOW OLD, UH, IS SHE? UHM, SURE, SHE LOOKS YOUNG, AN ALL, BUT, UH, I, UH...

Y-YOU THINK SHE'LL... UH... LET... ME PUT HER UNDIES ON?... UH...

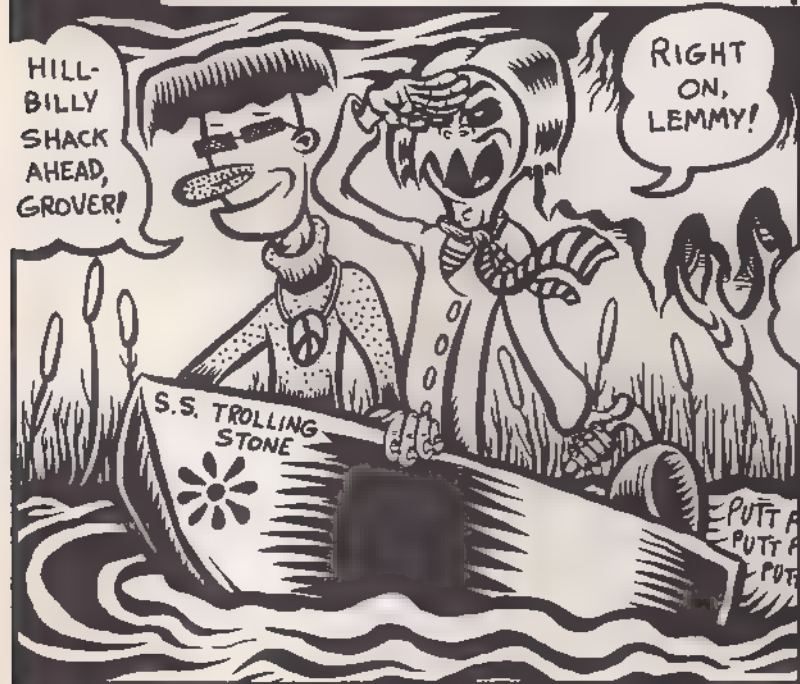








it's 1961:
TWO HIPSTERS GO OUT HUNTING FOR THE LEGENDARY SWAMP HICK TO PURCHASE PSYCHEDELIC MOONSHINE!





HEY! MR. SWAMP
HICK! HEY!



WHUT
CHEW
CITY
BOYS
WANT?

ULP! WE ... UH... WERE ... UH...
WONDERING IF YOU HAD ANY
UM... BEER OR ANYTHING TO
DRINK WE COULD BUY!



YEAH!

WELL SHIT MY BRITCHES,
I GOT ME SOME CUSTOMERS!
JEST MADE A NEW BATCH'O
MUH MUSHROOM MOONSHINE.
C'MON IN, FELLERS!



THIS SOUNDS
LIKE EXACTLY
WHAT WE'VE
BEEN AFTER!

HELL, I JEST DISTILL IT
FROM THEM BLUE TOAD-
STOOLS GROWIN HERE.



HOWDY
FELLAHS!

THIS HERE'S
MUH DAUGHTER.

GO ON
BACK TA
YER
SEWIN

HOLD IT, HOLD IT! YOU CAN SEE WHERE
THIS ANECDOTE IS LEADIN, RIGHT? SO I
FUCKED THE SWAMP HICK'S DAUGHTER,
OK, PREGNANT, OK, RESULTING IN OUR SON,
HARVEY, THE HILLBILLY BASTARD! GOD I
HATE THIS FUCKIN TALE... MAKES ME
SICK, NAUSEA... ... JESUS!



UGH... WELL ANYWAY...
THE SWAMP HICK SENT
HER TO LIVE WITH ME...
NOT THAT I EVER DID
MARRY'ER! HER PA WOULD
STOP BY (WITH SHOTGUN!)
TO MAKE SURE I WAS GOOD
TO HER. SIGH...

IF SHE WASN'T SO DADGUM
GOOD IN THE SACK, I'DA SKIPPED
OUT YEARS AGO! HA HA!

COURSE, I'VE
HAD MY SHARE
OF **FILLIES**
ON THE SIDE
OVER THE
YEARS!

A MAN'S GOTTA
BE A MAN AFTER
ALL! HEH-HEH!

I BETCHA EVEN THAT
DIRTY OLD SWAMP HICK
HAS HAD HIMSELF A
FEW GRIZZLY BACKWOOD
HAIRY CAJUN HOOKERS
DROP IN ON HIM NOW
AND THEN! HA!

HIS SORRY CHILDHOOD
WAS SO **DULL** AN'
STOOPID I AIN'T GONNA
GO INTO IT...

MA!
I GOTTA
MARBLE
STUCK UP
IN MY
NOSE!

A MAN NEEDS A HOBBY.
GETS LONELY LIVIN ON A
FARM AT TIMES, WHEN I'M NOT
RUNNIN' THE DINER OR POKIN
THE OLD LADY! CHUCKLE!!
I ALWAYS PLANNED TO GROW
A BIG CROP OF **GRASS** ON
THIS FARM... NEVER DID GET
'ROUND TO THAT. HEH...

A MIND IS A
WONDERFUL
THING TO WASTE!

Lone
WOLF BAR

HIT ME
I CAN USE THE MONEY!

Baby
IN TRUNK

DON'T LIKE MY
DRIVING? DIAL
GROOVY,
EH? 1-800-EAT SHIT

CHRIST... JUST THINKIN
ABOUT A HAIRY CAJUN
AMAZON IS MAKIN MY
LITTLE SOLDIER POP TO
ATTENTION!

I'VE TRIED AN TRIED TO
HELP THE BOY. PUT HIM TO
WORK IN THE DINER I OWN.
HAD TO FIRE HIM. LAZY!

SAY!
YOU EVER SEEN MY
STICKER COLLECTION?
I BET NOT! LOOK:

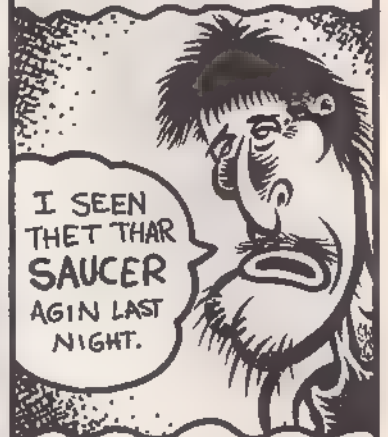
WELL, ANYWAY...THE SWAMP HICK WOULD DROP IN ON US REGULAR, PLAY WITH THE KID...



GUESS WE LAST SAW THE GEEZER BACK IN 1981. HE WAS REALLY CRACKIN UP...



IT GOT SO ALL HE TALKED ABOUT WAS ELVIS AND UFO'S AND CRAP LIKE THAT.



HE CLAIMED ELVIS NEVER DID DIE, AND IN FACT HAD **SEEN** ELVIS IN THE SWAMP.

APPARENTLY, ELVIS WAS THE SECRET HEAD OF THE CIA FOR MANY YEARS. THE MEDIA WAS TOLD HE WAS DEAD WHEN IN FACT, A UFO HAD GRABBED THE KING AND DISAPPEARED.



THEY WERE HOPING TO FORCE ELVIS TO REVEAL THE LOCATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY, KEPT IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION EVER SINCE THE ALIENS SHOT HIM IN 1963. KENNEDY AT THE TIME WAS ON THE VERGE OF TELLING EVERYTHING ABOUT THE UFO'S AND THEIR ROLE IN VIETNAM!



YEAR AFTER YEAR ELVIS WAS TORTURED AND DEGRADED TO NO END. BEING THE AMERICAN HERO THAT HE IS, ELVIS NEVER TOLD THEM A THING!



I ASKED HOW HE KNEW ANY OF THIS BULLSHIT... THE SWAMP HICK SAID HE'D SEEN UFO'S LANDING IN THE SWAMP NEAR HIS SHACK. HE STARTED TO SPY ON 'EM AND TAKE NOTES. HE'D EVEN SEEN ELVIS BEING TRANSFERRED FROM SHIP TO SHIP OCCASIONALLY.



OF COURSE, I'M SAYIN, THIS GUY HAS BEEN DRINKIN MUSHROOM TEA FER YEARS! NO WONDER HE'S SEEN THIS STUFF! SO FINALLY HE TALKED ME INTO GOIN OUT THERE TO PROVE IT.



SO WE CAME UP TO THIS UGLY BLACKENED LITTLE ISLAND. HE SAID THEIR ROCKETS CHARRED IT. TO ME, IT LOOKED LIKE A LIGHTENING STRIKE HAD MERELY BURNED IT UP.



THERE WERE BAREFOOT PRINTS AROUND, AND SOME GOLF-BALL LIKE TRACKS, BUT IT COULD'VE BEEN ANYONE AND ANYTHING, NOTHING SPECIAL...



YEW AIN'T EVEN GONNA TRY TA BE OPEN-MINDED

AWW, LET'S GO HOME.



IT WAS DARK BY THE TIME WE GOT BACK TO HIS SHACK. WE GOT INTO HIS '32 FORD AND HEADED FOR MY FARM, A TWO HOUR DRIVE ON A DIRT ROAD, THEN TWO HOURS ON THE HIGHWAY. BORING!



THE HIGHWAY WAS LITTERED WITH RUN-OVER ANIMAL CARCASSES. UP AHEAD AND SAY ABOUT THIRTY FEET UP WAS A SET OF THREE GREEN LIGHTS! IT ZIPPED ALONG IN FRONT OF US AT THE SAME SPEED AS US FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES.

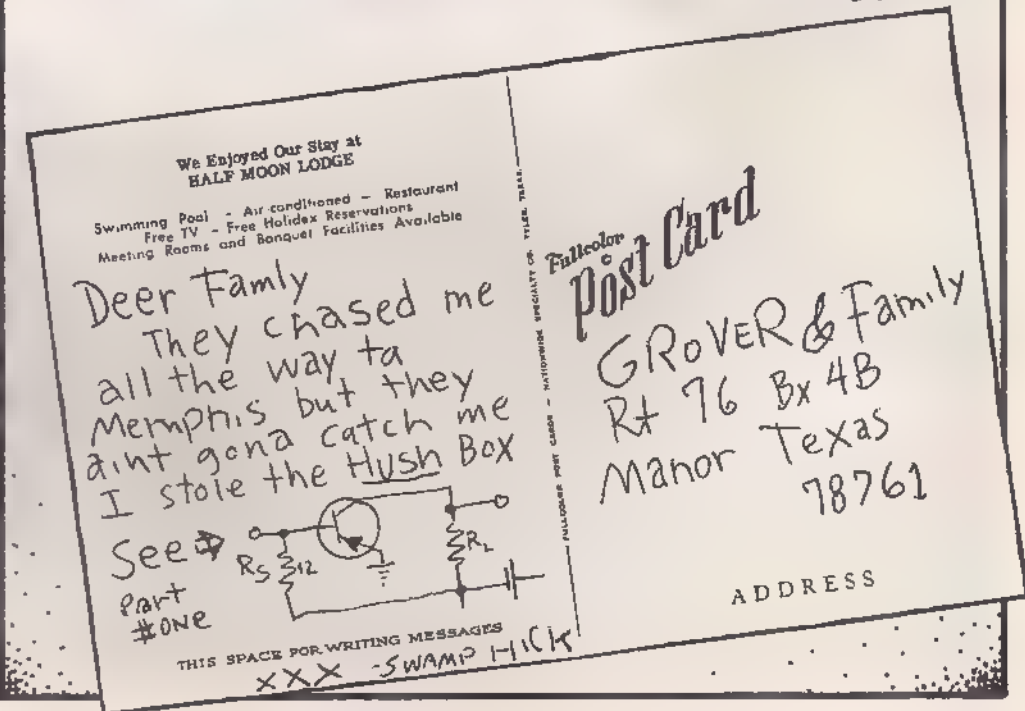


IN A FLASH, THE MIDDLE LIGHT TURNED YELLOW, AND THEN THE LIGHTS WHIZZED AWAY!



THE SWAMP HICK DROPPED ME OFF IN SILENCE. HE RIPPED OUT, HEADED FOR THE SWAMP!

A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER I GOT THIS POSTCARD:



MEMPHIS?? IT MADE NO SENSE AT ALL. THE OLD BOY HAD FINALLY GONE PLUM CRAZY FROM ALL THE HOME-BREW HE DONE DRANK!



NONE OF US BOUGHT HIS ELVIS STORY. POOR OLD SWAMP HICK... PROBABLY OUT WANDERIN ROUND IN DOWNTOWN MEMPHIS IN A DAZE, TALKIN 'BOUT ELVIS JUST LIKE 400 OTHER BUMS!



HEY LADY... UH... I'LL TELL YA WHERE ELVIS IS UH... FIFTY CENT

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!

OK! SO THAT'S IT! WE AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN SINCE. END OF STORY, OK? HISTORY!



SO WE DROVE OUT TO HIS SHACK THE NEXT DAY. IT HAD COMPLETELY BURNED DOWN!



SO WHERE THE HECK IS GRAMPA?

THE LAST CLUE ON HIM LUE GOT WAS WHEN THE COPS FOUND HIS '32 FORD IN A CORNFIELD IN NEBRASKA. GUESS THAT WAS 1986.



COURSE, I DO MISS THE 'OL GOAT. MISS HIS JUG TOO, HA HA! SAD OLD MAN, HE WAS A TRUE PARANOID SC-



PA! GIT ON IN H'YAR!

POOR OLD DRUNKARD!



SNIFF!

OH... YO HO HO!

OUR SON JEST LEFT IN HIS PICKUP. SO... COME ON IN AN GIT WHUT YA DESERVE!



END...

MEET GLAN McPRONG!

GREEPS ON PARADE!

HEY! YOU PUNK
KIDS GET AWAY
FROM THAT OLD
LADY'S WHEEL
CHAIR!

#27764

... AROUND SEEKING
JUSTICE FOR THE
DOWN-TRODDEN!

ABUSED AS
A CHILD, NOW
GLAN FLIES
HIS PLANE...

SON OF A BITCH! MY
ENGINE JUST DIED!

I'M
GOING
DOWN!

SPLASH

Everyone loves
a Parade!



GUESS THOSE ORPHANS IN
ALASKA WON'T BE GETTING
THE ANTI-MENINGITIS SERUM!



I BETTER RUB MY
LUCKY RABBIT'S FOOT #



the DAYS PASS

FUCK.
NO BOTTLES
TO PUT
MESSAGES
INTO.

NO
MR. HOWELL.

NO
SHARKS.

NO
CANNIBALS
IN
DUGOUTS.

NO
COCONUTS.

NO
NAKED
AMAZONS.

NO
WAY TO
CATCH
FISH.

NO
MONKEYS
WITH
BANANAS.



THE TRASH CAN

GOT ANY COMMENTS? DROP 'EM IN...

write to:
ROY TOMPKINS
Box 16022
AUSTIN, TX 78761 USA

Row 1: wrong side: P 2, k 1, p 6, k 1, p 2.

AW MAN, GOD, SHIT

HELLO READERS! WELCOME TO THE PREMIER ISSUE OF TRAILER PARK ACTION MAGAZINE, BRINGING TO YOU IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME THE LATEST INSIGHTS INTO THE QUICK-CHANGING MANUFACTURED-HOUSING INDUSTRY! THIS COLUMN WILL SERVE AS A FORUM FOR YOU, DEAR READER, TO DISCUSS THESE NEW TRENDS IN PRINT, SO SEND YOUR CORRESPONDENCE RIGHT AWAY. I'LL PRINT LETTERS, PLUGS, WHATEVER I CAN; HELL, EVEN MAPS TO EXCITING NEW MOBILE HOME FACTORIES, DESIGNS FOR INNOVATIVE TRAILER HITCHES, GRAPHIC PICTURES OF "TRAILER-HOUSE" SEX...

◆ XAPBN Y JYTOLABVJH ◆ HARVEY WENT YUGOSLAVIA ◆

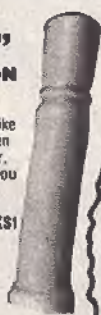


THANKS TO FAN SASHA IN YUGOSLAVIA FOR THIS SWELL RENDITION OF THE HILLBILLY BASTARD CAUGHT UP IN THE CIVIL WAR GOING ON THERE! HEY, WRITE ME, SASHA, ARE YOU STILL ALIVE THERE?!

"THE MOUTH" MASTURBATION DEVICE

This baby doesn't look like much, but wow!!! When you squeeze out the air, the sides collapse on you like loving cheeks & tongue. As you pull, it sucks & sucks & SUCKS!

#9058
\$14.95



MASTURBATION DEVICE OF THE MONTH! JUST LIKE AMERICAN EXPRESS, YOU WON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT "THE MOUTH." HEY, IT'S

FAVORITE OF, YES, DANNY BONADUCE, THAT LOVEABLE HUNK OF STUD-MEAT

Flowers costing pennies in your garden, sizes, wedding bouquets, funeral pieces. ORDERS come from neighbors, clubs, & Or grow flowers wholesale for Florida. & money anywhere - big city, small to



WHERE WOULD WE BE WITHOUT CELEBRITY SCANDAL?? DANNY BONADUCE paid a transvestite prostitute \$20 for a sex act.

Limited time only! Baby's precious shoes gorgeously bronze-plated in SOLID METAL for only \$3.99 a pair. Don't confuse this offer of genuine life-time BRONZE-PLATING with painted imitations.



TRY READING JOE BOB BRIGGS' "WE ARE THE WEIRD" NEWSLETTER! IT'S GOT WRITING AND REVIEWS COVERING THE SLEAZE AND SCHLOCK FILMS AND DISPOSABLE DIAPER CULTURE IN EVERY WEEKLY ISSUE! SEND \$2 FOR A SAMPLE COPY TO: WE ARE THE WEIRD, P.O. Box 2002, DALLAS, TX 75221



her some-ass burn." his throbbing off planted his



GROUP 20



Dear Roy-Just what is the truth about Fonzie? I keep hearing all these nasty rumours about him and want you to set the record straight. -Patrick 'Fudge' Wilson, Denton, Texas.

THE FONZ WOULD GET A LOT OF VOTES IN ANY ELECTION! HIS FANS NUMBER IN THE MILLIONS. SO SHUT UP ALREADY.

There are still couples who dread to tell a child he is adopted. They like to feel he is so very really their own that there is no need ever to think of adoption. Or they are afraid the knowledge may bother him. Older children, of course, know.

) PB380 HORSE-CRAZY SCHOOLGIRL
() AC345 GLORY HOLE CHICKEN

The "Scrawny Chicken." The chicken with a personality all its own and not to be confused with anything remotely resembling it. Can be produced from any production box, tube, bag, etc. Or it can be pulled from a spectator's coat. It's the skinniest, most awful looking chicken you've ever seen. Last but not least, it can be made to lay an egg. It folds up small, and may be used in a hundred different ways. It has become a standard production and laugh getting item. Extremely well made. \$4.00



PECKY DICKPECKER

©Grab Rodholster

PHYSICAL FITNESS SURE IS A HIP THING THESE DAYS! BALANCING ON THIS WIRE FENCE WILL HELP!!!

FUCKIN CHRIST! I...I FEEL YEARS YOUNGER! I'M READY! SON-O-BITCH!

AWK! BANG! EAT LEAD YOU DICKHOLE! IT'S BOOTHILL FOR THE CREEPY PECKY PECKER HEAD! OM.

HE is, in a word, a phenomenon. Young girls love him; older women think he's adorable and lovable; and both boys and men think he's cool and capable. Is there anyone in the entire United States of America who isn't crazy about John Travolta? Some days it seems a sure bet that the answer is no.



A LIMITED QUANTITY OF MY XEROXED COMIX ARE STILL AVAILABLE, WRITE FOR A LIST TO MY ADDRESS ABOVE (DO NOT ASK TUNDRA!). SEND A STAMP, PLEASE.

THE ARTIST



I READ IT IN-
TRAILER TRASH
QUARTERLY

GET IT HOT!

COME ON BABY, GET IT HOT! SNAPPY COMIC TITLES NOW AVAILABLE FROM TUNDRA IN A DELIGHTFUL ARRAY OF TWISTED FLAVORS!

BEER NUTZ

WINNERS OF THE TRAILER

PARK NEWS' WHITE TRASH OF THE YEAR AWARD FOR SEVEN STRAIGHT YEARS, THESE SUBURBAN CLOWNS WILL CAPTURE YOUR FUNNY-BONE TOO! CREATOR WAYNO BRINGS HOME THE SPOILED BACON, SO GET YOUR SHARE! BINK, LUTHER, AND HUMPHREY: MENAGE-A-TRASH!



FRANK In The River

A BEAUTIFUL FULL-COLOR

BOOK FROM THE TALENTS OF JIM WOODRING AND MARK MARTIN! FRANK IS A WEIRD LITTLE GUY IN A WEIRD LITTLE LAND, THIS IS JIM'S MOST ACCOMPLISHED WORK TO DATE! ALSO INCLUDED IS MONTGOMERY WART, 8 PAGES OF LUSH LOCALES AND FUNNY FROGS BY MARTIN!



20 NUDE 20 DANCERS 20

HILARIOUS MADNESS

FROM MARK MARTIN! MASTERFUL SHORT PIECES WILL HAVE YOU ON THE FLOOR IN TEARS-- YOU'LL LAUGH, YOU'LL CRY... THEN AGAIN, YOU'LL PROBABLY JUST LAUGH LIKE HELL. YEAR ONE IS A GIANT-SIZE POSTER BOOK, YEAR TWO IS A REGULAR MAGAZINE. TELL 'EM "The Bat That Looks Like Gary Coleman" sent ya!

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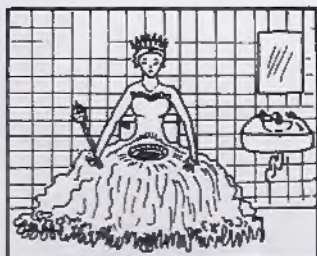
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Lillian Spencer Drake

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